VVith hornes as was *Acteons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon thy new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
Lauinea. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to trie thy experimens:
Ioue sheeld your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.
Bassianus. Beleeue me Queene your swartie Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
VVhy are you sequestred from all your traine,
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steede,
And wandred hither to an obsure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?
Lauinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated
For sausines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen culloured loue,
This valie fits the purpose passing well.
Bass. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.
Lauinia I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightily abused.
Queene. VVhy I haue patience to indure all this.
Enter Chiron and Demetrius. (Mother,
Demet. How now deare soueraigne, and our gratious
VVhy doth your highnes looke so pale and wan?
Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though summer yet forlorne and leane,
Ouercome with mosse and balefull mistelto.
Here neuer shines the sunne, here nothing breeds, Vnlesse

Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Ra
And when they showd me this abhor
They told me here at dead time of th
A thousand feends, a thousand hissin
Ten thousand swelling toades, as ma
VVould make such fearefull and conf
As any mortall body hearing it
Should strait fall mad, or els die suddai
No sooner had they told this hellish t
Bu strait they told me they would bi
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewghe,
And leaue me to this miserable death
And then they calde me foule adulter
Lauicious Goth, and all the bitterest t
That euer eare did heare to such effe
And had you not by wondrous fortun
This vengeance on me had they exec
Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers
Or be yee not hence forth cald my C
Demetrius. This is a witnes that I ar
Chi And this for me struck home, to
Lauinia. I come *Semeranis*, nay ba
For no name fits thy nature but thy o
Tamora. Giue me the poynard, you sh
Your Mothers hand shall right your M
Demetrius. Stay Madame here is m
First thrash the corne, then after burn
This minion stood vpon her chastitie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues yo
And shall she carrie this vnto her grau
Chiron. And if she doe, I would I w
Drag hence her husband to some secre
And make his dead trunke pillow to o
Tamora. But when yee haue the hon